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She had need of prayer.

elowed the crowd, is lost amid the
 intoxicating whirl of outward sensa-
 tions, and strays from the path of rea-
 son; by night it is entirely free to con-
 sider the things of the world, and a few
 paces distant from the staircase, the
 Lucy gilded unperceived, under cover
 of the obscurity, by a petteite of flower-
 ers inhales their pleasant perfume, and
 her eye glanced toward the sky. Heav-
 ens! what did she behold in the great
 tower of the castle and at the northern
 tower the spirit of Kathdon—the
 Banahie!

She wore the winding sheet of this
 tomb; her hair seen by the light of the
 stars reflected a fiery hue; her counte-
 nance was agitated by convulsions; her

The bride, freezing with horror, turned her head away and fled. In the bewilderment of mind into which she had been thrown by the terrible apparition, she ran on as chance directed her footsteps, and lost her way; her strength soon failed, and she lay prone, leaning against a tree for support, she passed utterly exhausted.

Her eyelids were closed, when suddenly a strong arm seized her; she felt herself borne off like a grain of sand and carried through the air. She strove to resist and cry out for help, but he

He who had left was Robert.

He neither left her any means of looking for him, nor did he call for assistance. She had a common-sense idea that the athletic form that she grasped her was traversing w-o-o-d-s, scaling mountains, following the course of torrents and climbing rocks. A long time passed before she was on the plateau of the Dargle.

Robert Kennedy paused.

'Heaven! where am I?' cried Lucy.

'On the edge of a precipice,' answered Robert.

'A terrible voice.'

'Pardon—pity?'

'It's too late.'

'Robert!'

'Fear nothing for yourself. On your

pluck it thence. Although you do not yet belong entirely to the Seat, you are not less his wife in the sight of heaven and the property of another shall be held sacred by me. No; I will not sullied the robe of innocence on the spot where I have been so lately and so shortly stricken. You loved this rock, Lucy; it is on this account I have chosen it for our last meeting on earth. I am about to alarm you anew; such is my fatal destiny. Lucy, bid me farewell!

"Farewell to you, Robert?"

"The last."

"No, no; I will have no last farewell, no last separation. I understand your intentions, but I reject them be- forehand. What would you have of me?"

"A few tears," he threw himself at Lucy's feet; the night wind playing amid his black hair exposed his noble brow. An omniscient reader could recognize the man.

"Yes—a few tears," continued he, "on the night, on the lonely rock, by the pale gleam of the stars of heaven he gazed on the brilliant dress of the bride with a melancholy admiration; then he resumed a sorrowful smile, and said, 'My dear, my beautiful, you are happy, has the Scott ever told you as much? Has he ever been able to comprehend his happiness? Let me, oh! let me or you joy the happiness? Let me, oh! let me or you enjoy the rapturous bliss of going to you! It shall not be for long; I am

it began; it will have been only a long infatuation. Yet you see my voice does not tremble, nor is it agitated. It is the cause here who has never known how to reflect during life has at last reflected before death. In love our existence is complete only when it is bound up with the existence of the other. I have written that I should excuse Lucy. Lower down, I feel, one grasp of the hand, and silence.

"Robert," exclaimed the bride in the most heart-rending accents, "why have you brought me hither?"

"That I might give you my last proof of love. When we once become not the object in the sight of the being who worships us, but the worshiper, we are no longer human."

With these words Robert arose; he held Lucy's hand, and his pressure was returned.

'It is the farewell,' resumed he, in foreign tones. Then advancing to the door of the *Dargie*, he raised his eyes heaven, and crossing his hands over his breast, precipitated himself into the street.

The whole castle was in alarm. All Macdonald having noticed the disappearance of his wife had hastened in search of her; but his attempts to discover her were fruitless. The guests invited to the fete, bearing flambeaux and torches, traversed the grounds and gardens, calling on Lucy in all directions.

and despair; his lips uttered but only long cry—
"The Banisher!"

Forty-eight hours had elapsed since the fatal wedding night. Lucy was no longer in the banks of the Dargat, and she had been in her chamber at Athlawn, she was recovering from a long attack of fever, and had been two days delirious. She raised herself with difficulty, looked around her with a dull and stupefied air, tried to collect her thoughts, then slowly pronounced these words:

"Alas, no! no!—where is he?"

"Alas, no! no! no!" replied—

Lucy, on the morning after her marriage, had been found lying senseless

Alan had never been able to account for her being there; doubtless she at Robert had remained there several years together; he could not have taken note from all that What might rob him of his life? What might rob him of Robert? Alan had not forgotten the kiss imprinted on Lucy's hand; in it alarmed perplexity, and hearing; how would escape his wife's lips during the height of her fever but ejaculations "Robert, Robert," which departed in such wild excitement from Elizabeth Castle, and had returned, it was supposed, to Scotland.

The wretched father of the sufferer obliged to acquaint her with the poor truth, endeavored to do so with all po-

lowed them, and the tussle aware of the danger, he was not slow to exaggerate them. Her illness began to grow rapidly, the fever redoubled in violence, and ere long the bride—bride only in name—was reduced to the last extremity. Her reason could no longer resist the successive attacks which it had undergone, and the unhappy Lucy became a lunatic.

The body of Robert Kennedy, borne to a distance by the waters of the Delaware, had been discovered on a lone shore. A paper found on his person, a journal in which he had traced his thoughts, narrated his sorrows, and developed his intentions, establishing the innocence of the unfortunate Lucy.